

# Belmont Chronicle.

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—BY—  
O. L. POORMAN.

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a few doors East of Court House.

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ing, W. Va. [105-1y]

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Is prepared to collect back pay, bounty, and all sol-  
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OFFICE: on North side of Main street, a few doors  
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H. A. V. permanently located in ST. CLAIRSVILLE,  
would respectfully announce that he is  
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All work warranted to give satisfaction.  
OFFICE: a few doors East of the National Hotel,  
and nearly opposite the Chronicle office. [105-1y]

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OF ST. CLAIRSVILLE.  
CAPITAL.....\$100,000.  
BANK OPENED 9 A. M. until 3 P. M. Discount days  
Tuesday at 10 A. M.  
Money received on Deposit.  
Collections made and proceeds promptly remitted—  
Exchange bought and sold.

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**WHOLESALE GROCERS,**  
**PRODUCE & COMMISSION**  
**MERCHANTS**  
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THIS HOUSE, in Morristown, so long known as the  
"Liquor House," has been purchased by and  
is now kept by the undersigned.  
The traveling public are assured that no pains will be  
spared to make the guests of this House comfortable.  
Good service, light moderate. WM. B. KIRK,  
proprietor. [105-1y]

**J. H. WEST & CO.**  
—DEALERS IN—  
**Drugs, Chemicals & Hardware**  
**PAINT, OIL, DYE, STUFFS,**  
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ST. CLAIRSVILLE, OHIO.

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THIS HOUSE, in Morristown, so long known as the  
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is now kept by the undersigned.  
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**PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY**  
(New located in a new and better place.)  
CAN be obtained likeness of every size and price.  
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Being a few doors West of the Treasurer's Office,  
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**PRODUCE**  
**COMMISSION MERCHANTS,**  
And Dealers in  
Flour, Grain, Hay, Grass Seeds  
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Wheeling, O.; J. H. & N. W. P. Smith, Wheeling, O.

# Belmont Chronicle.

Established in 1813.

ST. CLAIRSVILLE, OHIO, JUNE 8, 1865.

New Series—Vol. 5, No. 19.

## Choice Miscellany.

[From the New York Independent.]  
**ABRAHAM LINCOLN.**  
PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS AND REMINISCENCES.  
No. II.  
BY F. B. CARPENTER.

MY DEAR MR. TILTON:  
I have your communication to you,  
published in the Independent of April 27th.  
I was not at all surprised that it would  
be succeeded by others through the same  
channel, but that article has been so wide-  
ly copied, and the unparalleled interest  
with which everything relating to our late  
hero is read, is such a real, together  
with the urgent solicitations of friends,  
have induced me to consent to continue my  
"reminiscences" for the gratification of  
your readers, though I must confess to a  
much less familiarity with the pen than the  
pencil.

The terrible events of the last month  
have had the effect to bring out with start-  
ling distinctness in my memory, as the  
chemical process develops the image on the  
photographic plate, almost every event and  
circumstance of my "six months in the  
White House." It has been my habit for  
many years to note down briefly the lead-  
ing events of my daily life, and reference to  
these notes is, of course, a great help in  
refreshing and strengthening the recollection;  
so that the difficulty I encounter in attempt-  
ing to write for publication is not for want  
of material, but to make a selection from  
the somewhat miscellaneous mass of matter  
floating in my mind.

In my former communication the inci-  
dents related were mostly of a tender, pa-  
thetic character. With the multitude of  
cases convicted of military offenses and  
crimes, together with those constantly ap-  
pealing for relief or redress from hardships  
imposed by the war, I could not but be  
conscious of the fact that the "little story"  
I desire, however, in these sketches to pre-  
sent as true a picture as possible of Mr.  
Lincoln's daily life and character, and while  
enlarging upon the weight of the burdens  
which pressed him down, the sadness and  
sorrow of his nature, I would not omit to  
show the more popularly known and better  
understood—his shrewdness and love of humor,  
as expressed in his story-telling propensity.

It has been well said by a profound critic  
of Shakespeare, and it occurs to me as very  
appropriate in this connection, that "the  
spirit which held the world of Lear and the  
tragedy of Hamlet would have broken had it  
not also had the humor of the Merry  
Wives of Windsor and the merriment of  
Midsummer Night's Dream." This is as  
true of Mr. Lincoln as it was of Shake-  
speare. His capacity to tell and enjoy a  
good anecdote no doubt prolonged his life.  
I have often heard this asserted by one of  
his most intimate friends. And the public  
impression of him in this respect was not  
exaggerated. Mr. Beecher once observed  
to me of his own wealth of illustration that  
he "thought in figures, or, in other words,  
that he saw the world in pictures, and that  
form in his mind. This was pre-eminently  
true of Mr. Lincoln. The "points" of his  
argument were driven home in this way, as  
they could be in no other. In the social  
circle this characteristic had full play. I  
never knew him to sit down with a friend  
for a few minutes' chat, without his life-  
"reminiscences" of something or somebody  
alluded to in the course of the conversation.

In a corner of his desk he kept a copy of  
some humorous work, and it was frequently  
his habit, when greatly fatigued, annoyed,  
or depressed, to take this up and read a  
chapter or two, and his great relief and cheer-  
fulness were manifest. The Saturday evening  
before he left Washington to go to the front, just  
previous to the capture of Richmond, I was  
with him from seven o'clock till nearly twelve.  
It had been a very hard day with him—  
the pressure of office-seekers was greater than  
at any time that I ever knew him to be, and  
he was almost worn out. Among the callers  
that evening was a party composed of a  
Senator, a Representative, an ex-Lieutenant-  
Governor of a Western State, and several  
private citizens. They had business of  
great importance, involving the necessity of  
the President's signature. The Senator, a  
young man, was pushing everything aside,  
he said to one of the party, "Have you seen  
the Nasby papers?" "No, I have not," was  
the answer; "who is Nasby?" "There is a  
chap out in Ohio," returned the President.  
Who has been writing a series of letters in  
the President's name, and signing them "Petrol-  
eum V. Nasby." Some one sent me a  
pamphlet collection of them the other day.  
I am going to write to "Petroleum" to come  
down here, and I intend to tell him if he  
will communicate his talent to me, I will  
show places with him! Thereupon he  
asked me to draw in my desk, and  
taking out the "letters" he had written and  
read one to the company, finding in their  
enjoyment of the temporary excitement  
and relief which another man would have  
found in a glass of grog! The instant he  
had ceased, the book was thrown aside, his  
countenance relaxed into its habitual serene  
expression, and the business was entered  
upon with the utmost earnestness.

Just here, I may say with propriety, and  
I feel that it is due to Mr. Lincoln's mem-  
ory to state that, during the entire period  
of my stay in Washington, after witnessing  
his intercourse with almost all classes of  
people, including Governors, Senators,  
members of Congress, officers of the army,  
and familiar friends, I cannot recollect to  
have ever heard him relate a circumstance  
to any one of them all that would have been  
out of place uttered in a ladies' draw-  
ing-room! I am aware that a different impres-  
sion prevails, founded it may be in some  
instance upon fact, but where there is one  
fact of the kind I am persuaded that there  
are forty falsehoods, at least. At any rate,  
what I have stated is voluntary testimony,  
from a stand-point, I submit, entitled to  
respectful consideration.

Among his stories freshest in my mind,  
one which he related to me shortly after it  
occurred, belongs to the history of the  
famous interview on board the River Queen  
at Hampton Roads, between himself and  
Secretary Seward, and the Rebel Peace  
Commissioners. It was reported at the  
time that the President told a "little story"  
on that occasion, and the inquiry was  
made, "What was it?" The New York Herald published  
what purported to be a version of it, but  
the "point" was entirely lost, and it attracted  
no attention. Being in Washington a  
few days subsequent to the interview, with  
the Commissioners (my previous recollections  
having terminated about the 1st of  
last August), I asked Mr. Lincoln one day

"If it was true that he told Stephens, Hun-  
ter, and Campbell a story? Why yes," he  
replied, manifesting some surprise, "but  
has it leaked out? I was in hopes nothing  
would be said about it, lest some over-sensi-  
tive people should imagine there was a de-  
gree of levity in the intercourse between us."  
He then went on to relate the cir-  
cumstances which called it out. "You see,"  
said he, "we had reached about the middle  
of the evening, and he was going to evan-  
gelize the city, and in forty-eight hours we  
shall all be in the hands of the rebels." Then  
he commenced pacing the floor again, twist-  
ing his hands, and chafing, like a caged tiger,  
utterly insensible to his friend's entreaties  
to become calm. Suddenly he turned and  
said, "Moody, can you pray?" "That is my  
business, sir, as a minister of the Gospel,"  
returned the Colonel. "Well, Moody, I wish  
you would pray," said Johnson; and instan-  
tly both went down upon their knees at op-  
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became fervent, Johnson began to respond  
in true Methodist style. "Prescott has  
crawled over on his hands and knees to  
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